County News

SPOUT SPRING

Spout Spring, April 23.1 The B. Y. P. U. will give a lawn party at the Spout Spring school on May 5, beginning at 6 o'clock. All are invited.

Misses Mary West, Vera Morris and Mamie Cullop attended the league meeting in Lynchburg Saturday.

E.

Hal Webb left this week for Williamsburg, where he has accepted a position.

Miss Constnce Collins, of Danville spent Sunday at her home here.

Mr. and Mrs. D. H. Goothe, Lew is Boothe, Hunter Seothe and Ernest Morris, of Concord, visited in the home of J. S. Holt Sunday.

Mrs. W. T. Steele is back at work again after several months' absence.

Mr. and Mrs. Jo[illegible] the week-end with [illegible]

Mrs. J. W. [illegible], who has been sick for sometime, is out again.

Miss Thelma Webb, spent the week end in Lynchburg.

Miss Lena Bates and Chap Adams went to Roanoke Sunday.

Mrs. C. R. Morton returned from Petersburg Sunday.

Miss Virginia Holt spent Sunday with Mrs. Morris Redmond.

Mrs. John Robertson and Gaston and Arthur Robertson motored to Brown who were [illegible] funeral of their father, [illegible] home.

Arthur Bates is out again after a severe spell of pneumonia.

[illegible] Sept. 25, Mrs. Seth Dale and Frank Beal spent last week in Lynchburg with their mother, Mrs. Sarah Beal.

Mrs. Margaret, of Lynchburg spent the week end with her aunt, Mrs. Paula Beal.

Mrs. Robertson spent the week end with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. [illegible]

Mrs. Robertson, of Lynchburg, is spending this week at the home of [illegible]

Mrs. Ruth Kerman has returned home from fire hospital, and is now getting along nicely.

Mr. and Mrs. Ben Thompson spent Saturday night with Alvin Hartless.

Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Ferguson and children spent Sunday in the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Childress.

Use of Bait in Fishing
First Adopted by Fish

While catching fish with bait is an ancient occupation which men have been pursuing since very early times, fish themselves began it long before any men existed, states Alfred C. Weed, assistant curator of fishes at the Chicago Field museum.

Angler-fishes are found in all seas, from the edge of the surf to extremely great depths. In keeping with their extensive distribution the angler-fishes show great variations in form, but are all alike in certain structural features. All have side fins developed and used as legs and feet. Curiously, what would normally be considered front legs are behind, and what would correspond to hind legs are in front; that is, the ventral (hind leg) fins are under the throat, and the pectoral (foreleg or arm) fins are near the tail.

Strangest of all, those fishes have on the head an organ consisting of a slender rod with a fleshy part at its tip used as a bait. The fishes do their angling after the Eskimo fashion rather than that of the white man. The Eskimo moves a piece of ivory in the water and when a trout comes to look at it, strikes with his spear. The angler-fish waves its bait like a flag. While some small fish or crab comes to inspect it an immense mouth opens and swallows the victim.

Some of the angler-fishes have long fish-rods with strangely formed baits. Many of the baits are luminous to attract their prey in the darkness of the ocean depths. Often the bait of the angler-fishes looks like a worm. The colors of the fishes, and their irregular outline, usually blend in their surroundings, such as stones on the sea bottom covered with growths of plants or animals, commonly called "moss," so that apart from their bait these submarine Izaak Waltons are practically invisible. In moving from one place to another these fish usually travel by climbing about through the coral with their so-called legs, rather than swimming.

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New Feature, Starting This Week.

The Times - Virginian Offers A Weekly Short Story By Great Writers

HERE COMES THE BRIDE

By PAUL VANCE

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THIS little frosty stranger of late arrived from the [illegible] a big event for Fort Ki Sol, where everything is reckoned as "two boats again" or "three boats from now."

The sudden sun-drenched [illegible] a scene of such festivity. Dark-skinned sirens of storied days sported and swore as they carried [illegible] packages of [illegible] from the ship to pile on dusty [illegible] cars or dump into waiting carts.

To the general office the superintendent of the docklin, Mike Carew, was busily scanning the pile of letters that had just reached his desk.

He was a lanky young fellow under forty, with gray eyes which twinkled merrily when not focused intently on some object under scrutiny.

The letter he was reading seemed to absorb all his thought. Suddenly he looked up, [illegible] rising from his chair.

"Hang me for an egg-eating iguana!"

In one swift stride he carried the letter to the auditor's desk, where he slapped it down in front of another young man.

"Read that, Andy—and weep," he commanded.

"What's he done now?" queried Andy Horton, as his quick eye scanned the sheets in a familiar bold hand.

"Got married," answered Mike, curtly, mucking it saying, "He's dead."

Andy picked up the letter for a care ful reading.

He was a big man about Mike's age, with a mop of fine red hair and sea blue eyes.

A whimsical smile wreathed his face as he finished.

"So that's why he was in such a hurry to get away!"

"Yep," returned Mike. "He did it with malice aforethought. Let's see, when does he say he's coming back?"

Andy consulted the letter.

"In about three boats—Joe, the sheik. I knew he'd fall sometime."

"Well, he's pulled a fast one on us, anyway. I suppose he figures we've forgotten all the tricks he's played us before. Say?"—Mike brightened. "Let's write him a letter that'll shoot a little worry into him. It's our only chance to break even with him."

"Fine! The girl won't need to know anything about it, and maybe young Joe will do a bit of wholesome sweating."

• • •

As soon as office tasks permitted, Mike fell to work on the letter.

He remembered how this same genial Joe had quickly revealed himself as an incurable practical joker whose supreme pleasure it was to turn the tricks on his two close pals, so that eternal vigilance became the price of peace for them. And yet, Mike recalled, Joe hadn't been from Port Said three days before he himself had lamented to his fellow-bereavement, "Andy, Joe's as necessary to us as fleas to a dog."

And Andy had answered, "Yes, we're miserable when he's here and wretched when he's away. He sort of makes us forget what a hole this is."

Thought and emotion in a fine blend wrought the letter which soon went forth addressed to Mr. Joseph Rogers, absent on leave in the United States. A few excerpts will suggest the character of the whole.

"There'll be a red-hot reception committee waiting for you at the dock, all right. There's Dolores, the commandante's niece for one. She says you promised to marry her at the Baile de Independencia. Her lawyer-father claims that a promise made under the influence of champagne is binding. They will be there with all the necessary papers. Then little Margarita Ochoa says you asked her the same thing the same night. She will be there with that killer-brother, Ochoa Hernandez. He says he doesn't need any papers. I've been training that bunch of half-breed kids you always play Santa Claus to so that they'll shout 'Papacito! Papacito!' when you start down the gang plank.

"My advice would be for you to leave the wife in the states and come down yourself a boat or two ahead, just to get things kind of cleaned up. There are no company houses vacant and the G. M. says you will have to stay in the Paris hotel. A lousy place to spend your honeymoon.

Mike signed the letter with a grand flourish, and they mailed it together in high glee.

Little Joe was slated to worry—and how!

• • •

Another steamer-day arrived. Once more the remote port buzzed with activity. Make sat at his desk scanning the fresh mail. Suddenly he seized one envelope then ripped it open eagerly, but his look of keen anticipation changed to one of consternation which, as he read on, deepened almost to terror.

"Well, am I a bob-tailed oilngo!" he mutered.

"What happened?"

Andy came over.

Mike weakly held out the sheet of robin's egg blue stationery covered with feminine script.

"Read it—and prepare for the here after," he counseled darkly.

Andy read, and then laid the letter down with a whistle of dismay.

"Whew! Joe's gently as if it had been a stick of dynamite.

"Gosh, what a wumbi! Looks like some short jobs foot in it this time, Mike."

"Jokey!" shouted Mike, enraged by the utter-than-flou accent in his tone. "What do you get that pessimist? Didn't he help write that letter?"

"You signed it," said Andy. "Splash my hands of the whole affair."

"Yeah, yeah! And who said she was made outa star-dust—that her eyes had a shaped the moonbeams?"

"I was only quoting from Joe's letter, as you are entirely aware."

"Well, Joe must have been drunk on tiger's blood. Say, Andy, can't you just picture the kind of forget-me-not of the angels she is? Tall and bony, where aplees and has shark's eyes. One of those women that gobble at you like a turkey instead of swearing."

Mike gingerly picked up the letter and read it again with interpolations of his own.

"Sirs—

Your abominable letter addressed to my beloved husband, Joseph Rogers, by a happy coincidence fell into my hands." (Yeah, fell is the word, all right. I'll bet your octopugian tentacles search every pocket he has) "If your intentions were as nefarious as this letter would lead one to believe, then fate was indeed kind to use in placing it in my hands." (Fate, and who else!) "It is evident that you are trying to separate two tender hearts whom God hath joined together." (The Almighty would have to bogtie me, old gal—sin-m-m—let's see how she winds up—) "Unless you persist in your attempt to cause trouble between us, I shall never show this letter to my dear husband, who has always spoken of you in the highest terms of affection and esteem.

I am, Sir,
MRS. JOS. ROGERS."

A tight feeling caught Mike in the throat. If only the letter had reached Joe first, as intended, he would have read between the lines. But now—what a chance for friendly festivity!

• • •

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Rogers arrived two boats later. If his job had not required it, Mike would never have gone down to meet that boat. But as it was, he steered clear of the promenade deck where the passengers were congregated. Only once did he catch a glimpse of Joe and a tall straight female.

As he dodged down a companionway Joe spied him with a bunch of officials up forward and pounced on him like a hawk on a chicken. With out a "by your leave" to the astonished officials, he dragged him aft.

"Here he is, Myra!" he shouted. Mike chilled at the note of triumph in his voice, but decided to make the best of an awkward situation.

As yet he had seen only the bride's back, but Joe's last to duty shore forced him through the circle around her and placed him practically at her side. She turned to receive him.

Mike tried to speak, but could only gasp. He stood gazing at the slender, blue-eyed woman who was Joe's wife.

"Kiss the bride, you old pirate," ordered Joe as he drew them together. As Mike remained in a daze, he whispered, "Old dumbbell, I wrote the letter. She knows nothing about it."

Just then Andy loped up for his tenth look at the bride.

"Say. You two pikers," Joe called. "Where's the reception committee?"

Mike had to grin. Andy grinned sheepishly back. Again Joe had made them feel miserable and wretched for two weeks—and they still liked him.

Coral Island Group a Menace to Navigation

A group of islands in the China sea, over which it is reported the Japanese may dispute French possession, are so tiny and unimportant that many map makers do not show them, according to a bulletin from the National Geographic society.

"The group of seven coral islands, reported to include Taltu and Twin Islands, lies approximately 300 miles northwest of Palawan island of the Philippines, and can best be located by drawing a line due east from a point a few miles north of Saigon, French Indo-China, and a line due south from Hongkong, China, continues the bulletin. The lines will intersect close to the islands.

"Perhaps more attention is given to the islands by the navigation chart makers that would map guides, for these and other islands in the southern part of the China sea long have been a menace to navigation. Not far east of the group is a vast area of the sea which hydrographic maps show as 'dangerous,' for it has not been surveyed.

"According to the Japanese government, a colony of Japanese once inhabited some of the islands.

"Today the islands are deserted except for a few Chinese fishermen who are provided with food by junks which visit this region once or twice a year.

"Palawan, the nearest permanently settled area to the islands, belongs to the Philippine islands group. It is slightly larger than the state of Delaware. The 25,000 inhabitants of Palawan are almost wholly Moslems or Moros, descended from early Arab adventurers."

Grunt Fish in South

Grunt is an excellent southern food fish, particularly abundant off Key West, and is light bluish with brown or brassy spots and other markings. As generally caught it is classed as a pan fish, but big specimens will reach four pounds in weight.

PAMPLIN

Pamplin, April 25.- Rev. W. M. Black preached at Inglewood Baptist church in Lynchburg on Sunday morning.

Mrs. W. R. Brightwell was hostess to the W. C. T. U. meeting on Wednesday afternoon. Miss Lucy Rice had charge of the program. The subject was "Publicity" and the M. Black, Mrs. Robert Fore and Mrs. H. T. Terry. An ice cream course was served.

Mr. and Mrs. Joe Cobb spent Sunday at Monroe as the guests of Willie Cobb.

Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Reams left early Monday for Mississippi, where they will spend some time as the guests of her parents.

Mrs. R. L. Terry, who was for a number of years has made her home in Richmond, has moved to Pamplin.

Mrs. O. E. Peterson attended the mid-year executive meeting of th W. T. U. at Irvington last week.

The play, "The Girl in the Fur Coat" was given by the Senior Class on Friday evening and also on Saturday at Stonewall.

Mr. and Mrs. James Booker and daughter, Miss Belle Booker, of Norwalk, are spending a few days in the home of Henry Booker.

Bats Are Not Blind

Contrary to common belief, bats are not blind. They possess very good eyes which, however, are often hidden in the fur on the face to the extent that they are not readily visible. In addition to eyesight, however, a bat possesses very keen sensory nerves in its wings which enable it to [illegible] in pitch black without contact with any object which may be in its [illegible]

Cleanse Each Step

The stains we own on and our ambition may be smeared with filth or stained with blood, but we can keep selling our feet by cleansing each step as we proceed. We need not wade through filth to win.

Mental Discomfort

All mental discomfort comes from our minds being in diverg-nce from God's; when the two are agreed, no warfare occurs, for they walk together.

Bible Reading

Bible reading is indispensable to the nurture and cultivation of the soul's life. Bible knowledge furnishes the mind with food for the noblest meditation.

Not Dead, but Living

If the city of our heart is holy with God as its inhabitant, Christ lives the dear dead will come to us, and we shall know Him and our dead but living, and bless him who has been their Redeemer.

Just Moral Nature

Human nature is not by nature to [illegible] come from [illegible] only moral [illegible] thing called [illegible]

YELLOW VALLEY NEWS

Mr. and Mrs. Sam Ferguson visited Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Baldwin Sunday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. T. R. Richardson and family visited her mother, Mrs. Anna Dickerson Sunday.

Miss Marjorie Cawthorne is spending some time with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Cawthorne.

Jean Richardson is visiting in Richmond.

Mr. and Mrs. Rufus Cawthorne and son, Herbert, of Newark, N. J. spent last week with Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Cawthorne.

Mrs. Dewey Cawthorne, and children spent last week with Mrs. W. W. Woolridge, of Nottaway.

T. R. Richardson was given a surprise birthday dinner by his wife last Sunday.

Lespedeza Planted Here

According to county agent R. B. Hudgins, lespedeza is getting to be a "big-time crop in Appomattox. He reported to this paper this week that the value of lespedeza seed alone saved in Appomattox county this past season was some $3,000.

Japan Issues "Monroe Doctrine" for China.

Dillinger shoots way out of police raid Sunday night.

Bishop Cannon concludes investigation testimony.

Auto industry hampered by a strike.

Early Transatlantic Flights.

The United States navy seaplane NC-4 was the first heavier-than-air craft to cross the Atlantic. This was in May, 1919. It left Rockaway, N. Y., with two companion seaplanes on May 8 and arrived at Lisbon, Portugal, on May 27. The trip was made with stops in Nova Scotia, Newfoundland and the Azores. The first airplane to cross the ocean in a single flight was a British Vickers-Vimy biplane, flown by Capt. John Alcock, pilot, and Lieut. Arthur W. Brown, navigator. It left St. John's, N. F., June 14, 1919, and landed early the following day at Clifton, Galway, Ireland. The British dirigible R34 was the first of its class to cross the Atlantic. It left Scotland on July 2, 1919, reached Mineola, N. Y., via Newfoundland, on July 6, and returned by the same route from July 9 to 12.

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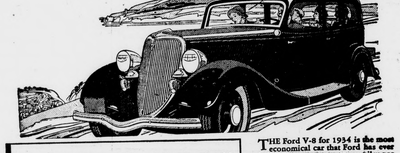

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Broadcast Program On Appomattox On Surrender Anniversary

Virginian is pleased to publish in today's issue of its radio address given on by the "Voice of Fredericksburg" in commemoration of the 69th anniversary of the Surrender at Appomattox.

[illegible]afternoon the Voice of Fredericksburg presents a compliment to the City of Appomattox, Virginia, city of honor on the 69th anniversary of the [illegible] and the eternal [illegible] that community. HELIO APPOMATTOX! The City of Fredericksburg sends you congratulations and hopes you will continue to prosper greatly. Fredericksburg also hopes that the powers that be will make it possible for Appomattox to attain the great PEACE PARK as a memorial to the [illegible] The War Between the States' you are planning. It is a most worthy ambition and deserves the support of every citizen of Appomattox, where the [illegible] of the nation will [illegible] PEACE of the nation will be [illegible] and sacred of all the sacred spots in those United States. Fredericksburg says we grow more and more deeper, can we wish true perpetuity to the Peace we have, and view it in its relationship to the progress of the United States, and to the progress of world affairs in general.

"Appomattox and Fredericksburg are related, much closer than at first thought. If it were at Appomattox Peace finally came to the United States, it was at Fredericksburg that most of the fighting that led to Peace took place; in the heat of battle we do not think of Peace. Each contending side fights for a cause, but the cause, either right or wrong, leads to war. It is Peace we fight for. It was not by chance that four major wars were fought within a few miles of Fredericksburg. In the 'War between the States' the capture of the U. S. capitol seemed important. The North set its objective in the capture of Richmond, the capital of the Confederacy and the South aimed to capture Washington, capitol of the Union. To capture either capitol was as important as the wishes of the opposing army. The Confederacy was able to inspire the moral support both at home and abroad in this strategy. The Union could not undertake a campaign in the East as long as Washington was threatened, it must suffer from enemy occupation; and as Fredericksburg lay half way in between the two capitols it became the hub around which the two armies swung.

"Appomattox lies in the foothills of the Blue Ridge, about the center of the county, which was formed in 1845. The rich rolling red land grows the very finest of tobacco, but the county is noted for its dairying, and other farm products.

"The surrounding hills are sweet with the springtime with the budding trees and fragrant wild flowers. Appomattox was decked out in her finest when the great leader of the North met the leader of the South to wind up the affairs of the war.

"And, how quickly it was all over, before the evening sun kissed the Blue Ridge mountains as in golden benediction Peace had found a resting place at Appomattox in the heart of friend and foe alike.

"Peace is the heart's high music, as one writer expresses it. He sweet that word to those thousands of American men who contended on the battle-scarred hills of Appomattox. Men of both armies were true to their cause, loyal to their ideal to the end that each and every sold ier was ready to die to prove his cause was right. But, right or wrong when the heart's high music of Peace sounded at Appomattox, can [illegible] seem that the Great Spirit had touched the heart of the human dictator, Grant, and guided his thoughts as he wrote the generous terms of surrender that sent friend and foe home from Appomattox, singing together the sweetest words in the English language, the heart throb of the nation, Home, Sweet Home.

It is fitting that a Peace Park be created at Appomattox on the place where the surrender took place. It will be a memorial to Peace for all time for the nation. It has been given to the American nation to test the ideal of Liberty in all its strength and beauty, and the eyes of the nations of the world are on our experimenting. If the world is to win a permanent Peace it will have had its start at Appomattox. So, when we view the Battlefields of Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, the Wilderness, the Bloody Angle, Richmond and Petersburg, let us see them in the light that they all lead to Appomattox, to PEACE and let us go there and live over again in the atmosphere made frangrant with the generous Peace Plans and let our thoughts go up to the Great Spirit in prayer that as long as time is, Eternal Peace shall remain in the Land of Liberty, the United States of America.

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